

Person Co. Courier.
Published Every Thursday
BY
NOELL BROS.,
ROXBORO, N. C.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Copy One Year \$1 50
One Copy Six Months 75
Remittance must be made by Registered Letter, Post Office Order or Postal Note.

PERSON COUNTY COURIER.

NOELL BROS. Proprietors.

HOME FIRST; ABROAD NEXT.

\$1.50 Per Year in Advance.

VOL. 6. ROXBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1890. NO. 44.

THE COURIER
is published in the centre of a fine tobacco growing section, making it one of the best advertising mediums for merchants and warehousemen in the adjoining counties. Circulated largely in Person, Granville and Durham counties in North Carolina, and Halifax county Virginia.
JOB WORK
of all description neatly executed on short notice and at reasonable prices. When in need of work give the Courier a trial.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, and often leads to self-destruction. Distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, fainting, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels, are some of the more common symptoms. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet surely and efficiently. It tones the stomach and other organs, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, and by thus overcoming the local symptoms, removes the systemic effects of the disease, banishes the headache, and refreshes the tired mind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. Be careful. Prepared only by H. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW
Roxboro, N. C.
Practices wherever his services are required. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

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Attorneys at Law,
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Promptly attend to all business entrusted to them. Nov 6th.

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Presence in all the courts of the State and in the Federal courts. Management of estates and strictly attended to. Special attention given to cases in Person and Caswell counties.

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SURGEON DENTIST.
Office corner room up stairs in the Merritt building,
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Practising Physicians,
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Offer their professional services to the people of Roxboro and surrounding country. Practice in all the branches of medicine. 10-17.

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Offers his PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the PEOPLE of Roxboro and surrounding country. Practices in all the branches of medicine. 10-17.

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Offers his professional services to the people of Roxboro and surrounding country.

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Offers his services to the public. Calls promptly attended to in Person and adjoining counties. Any one wishing work in his line, by writing him at Rocky Fork, N. C., will be attended to once.

C. S. Winstead, S. B. Winstead,
Winstead, Cashier
Farmers' Bank of Roxboro,
ROXBORO, N. C.
Deposits received and collections and remittances promptly made.

Roxboro, N. C.
NOW IS YOUR TIME!
Come to Roxboro and invest and get a foot hold, before everything gets too high for you, and when you come don't forget

JAS. W. BRANDON,
The Barber.
He is willing and ready to accommodate his friends, and always keeps up with the latest styles.

POETRY

How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,
It was not with a ship at sea;
But a fate far worse than either
That stole him away from me.
'Twas the death in the ruby wine-cup,
That the reason and sense drove down;
He drank the alluring poison,
And thus, my boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story,
That mothers so often tell
With accents of infinite sadness,
Like the tones of a funeral-bell;
But I never once thought, when I heard it,
I should learn all its meaning myself;
I thought he'd be true to his mother;
I thought he'd be true to himself.

Tempora Mutantur.
When I first began at twenty,
To indulge in idle rhyme,
Life was chafed far aside,
And a trifling thing was time;
I could link the lines together,
Praising any girl I knew,
Not deliberating whether
They were true.

Twenty-one—my heart was plastic
To the beauty of a face,
But my fancy, too elastic,
Frequently would jump the trace
After some new, dainty being,
Following where 'er she went;—
There was no such thing as feeling
Sentimental.

Twenty-two,—I had a passion
For a girl with golden hair,
Some what of a slave to fashion,
But for looks she didn't care;
So when "love" I tried to stammer,
Cupped when 'pon a crutch;—
She sweeten the English grammar
Overmuch.

Twenty-three,—my mind was restive,
Now brunette, soon a blonde;
Each one seemed to be suggestive
Of a brighter one beyond;
So I wanted on and dallied
With perhaps a half a score,
Till time came around and tallied
Twenty-four.

Twenty-five,—no more a chicken!
I assayed to make a choice,
But 'tis "plot began in thickets,"—
Love in me had had its course;
Thus the girls all went the way of
Other girls, and—(if I stick),—
I'm a bachelor to-day of
Forty-six.
Winstead, N. C. RAMBLER.

The Wonders of a Celestial Journey.
Recent researches on the periodical comets have brought into stronger light the relations of the solar system with the contents of surrounding space. A comet has not only come to be regarded as simply a comparatively compact mass of meteors, which, through the effects of solar and planetary attraction, is gradually scattered along its orbit; but the latest investigations lead back to Laplace's conclusion that comets are visitors from interstellar space, and that it is only through the interlacing attraction of the larger planets that are turned permanent members of the sun's family. For those that thus fall under the dominion of the sun is reserved the fate of gradual disintegration into swarms of meteors. The sparks that everybody has seen darting through the sky annually in August and November are but the scattered relics of great comets that may once have frightened the world. Within fifty years man has beheld the destruction of a comet and the process of transformation into a meteoric swarm. We refer to Biela's, which was first split into two in 1846 and afterwards entirely broken up, so that it has disappeared as a comet, although regularly recurring meteor showers at the crossing point of its orbit and that of the earth show that the substance of the comet has not been destroyed, but simply dispersed. A piece of this comet that fell in Mexico a few years ago is one of the most precious possessions of astronomers.

torn asunder in its perihelion passage. There is no certainty that this is a periodical comet; and if it is not it is now sailing through space in a dishevelled condition, as a result of its meeting with the solar giant that guides the destinies of our planetary system.

The more one considers these celestial encounters, the stranger seem the adventures of the sun and his attendant worlds in their stupendous voyage through space. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that this voyage is an actual one; that the sun is really carrying us with him toward the northern quarter of the firmament at least two hundred million miles every year. A railroad train does not more certainly whirl us to our destination than by this great solar migration we are swept on through the abyss of space toward the constellation of Hercules. Only in the one case the rate of speed is more accurately ascertained than in the other. The wildest imaginings of the Eastern story tellers, with their magic carpets and enchanted horses appear spiritless in comparison with what science tells of the wonderful flight in which the inhabitants of the earth all unconsciously are engaged. A celestial eye that closed in the slumber of the gods while beholding Adam enjoying the delights of Eden, if suddenly opened now, would look in vain for the pleasant fields and woods of Paradise. They would have disappeared with their unfortunate inhabitant; and even the earth that bore them would be gone, vanished, leaving only the emptiness of space where that vision of happiness had been. The blazing orb that shone upon Eden would likewise have departed; and the sleeper awakened would find himself plunged in eternal night and the awful cold of endless space. During his sleep the whole system would have passed on, leaving him behind millions and millions of miles like an abandoned traveler in the desert. If there were to inter-vent a Divine knowledge, the sudden sounding of the judgement would produce a most strange spectacle in the universe, when troops of departed souls thronged in the wake of the flying earth searching for the bodies that they had left when the globe was in far distant regions of space.

But, as we have said, the great attraction of this story of astronomy for the mind lies in the certainty that it is absolutely true. We are actually going on this celestial journey in a vast spiral tract, the direction of which is governed by the combined influence of the sun's attraction and that amazing impulse, whatever its origin may be, which keeps the sun itself ever flying northward. And as we go what adventures we are having! Out of the profundity of surrounding space as we plough through it, comes comets rushing sunward, and then rushing back starward, trailing the electric splendors of their trains across the sky. In ages past they affrighted the nations; now the astronomers with mathematical precision predict their emotions, and when they have disappeared, tell us whether they have escaped for good, or if not, in how many years they will be back again. The increase in the power of telescopes and in the number of observers has resulted in the discovery that a very large number of comets have been captured by the sun, and are now accompanying him in regular orbits like his planets.

Another incident of this wondrous voyage is the approach of the meteors. Now and again the world is startled by a fiery shower filling the heavens as the globe plunges through the debris of some old disintegrated comet; but encounters with more scattered meteoric matter are taking place all the time. Millions of these little bodies, large enough to make a streak of fire at night as they dart into our atmosphere, fall to the earth every twenty-four hours. And vastly more numerous are the still smaller particles that sift continually down through the air. Professor Winchell has put the fact very picturesquely: "Out from the depths of space, beyond the clouds, beyond the atmosphere, from a granary of material germs which stook the empire of the blue sky, comes a perpetual and invisible rain of material atoms—like the evening dew, emerging from the transparency of space into a state of growing visibility."

In some respects the most interesting of all the incidents of this vast journey are the falls of meteorites. It is one of the most singular facts in scientific history that while stones have fallen to the earth in every age and country, yet it is only within the past hundred years that men of science have convinced themselves that such a thing is really possible. We have all read the story in Livy how it rained stones in Picenum the first winter that Hannibal was in Italy, and how the superstitious Romans expiated the prodigy with a nine days' festival, which one commentator assures us was "the established remedy for a fall of stones." Ancient history contains many references to such serps, but it remained for the present century that stones actually came tumbling out of the forge of space that the earth gathers as it rushes along with the sun. They bring us strange things: iron in a condition which we cannot produce upon earth, nickel, and more than twenty other known substances, including carbon, which in one instance, appears in the form of minute diamonds!

But it is the sun that is the leader in this exploration of the universe, and the sun gets most of the spoils. It is the sun, not the earth, that captures the comets and the meteor swarms, and so prepares strange spectacles to brighten the long nights of his unending voyage.

The longer the way the greater the spoil for the realms of space appear to be inexhaustible. Is there any peril involved in the adventures of this great solar fleet of ours? The possibility in collision exists, but it is so remote that it may be entirely disregarded. As to what the effect of a collision between the sun and another body of equal mass and moving with equal or greater velocity would be there can be little doubt. In the withering heat developed by such a collision we should be shrivelled up like flies in a furnace. Still other possible perils have been thought of. Space is sprinkled with nebulae. The old idea that these nebulae are enormous masses of gas, but Mr. Lockyer's new theory that they are swarms of meteorites is finding wide acceptance. Suppose that the earth or sun should plunge into a nebula, the result might be disastrous; but if its constituent meteorites were widely scattered, the effect would simply be the production of an uncommonly brilliant meteoric display. But if we were approaching a nebula we should know it, unless it had not sufficient density to be visible, and in that case it could not cause any disastrous effect through collision. On the other hand it may be asked, might not the introduction of foreign matter into our atmosphere, even in comparatively small quantities, produce deleterious if not fatal effects? It is not possible to reply positively to this question. In fact, epidemic diseases and strange conditions of the atmosphere have several times been ascribed to such a cause. When the celebrated red sunsets made their appearance a half a dozen years ago, many supposed they might be due to an encounter between the earth and a cloud of meteoric dust. Later investigations, however, seem to have demonstrated that they were caused by the enormous quantity of volcanic dust thrown into the upper air by the stupendous eruption of Krakatoe in 1883. The great dry fog of 1783, which covered Europe for two or three months and was accompanied by diseases of the respiratory organs has been ascribed to a meteoric origin. The annually recurring cold spell in May, which we have been experiencing again, has been explained to the satisfaction of some people by the theory of the interposition of a cloud of meteoric matter between the earth and the sun, the cloud being, of course, a permanent member of the solar system, now, although it might have been picked up originally by the sun in the course of its travels.

Melange of Dots.
It is said that an old man doesn't catch on so quick, but he hangs on enough to make it up.
It is said that the dead are the only true democracy.
It is said that great wealth is like a great pile of fertilizer: it enriches one spot.
It is said that a half-educated man is as dangerous as a half-broken horse.
It is said that the reason why the world grows no better is because each one is trying to convert his neighbor and neglects himself.
It is said that conversation is often nothing more than giving a wrong benefit of a doubt.

It is said that the boy whose only ambition is to equal his father, will not only fail in doing it, but will fall away below the other boys in the neighbor hood.
It is said that thanks are cheap, and yet we can pay more than half our debts with them.
It is said that the man who praises all things, it he happens to fall in the right company, will damn all things with equal fervor.

It is said that the moral questions that a man can't prove by his conscience, better remain in doubt.
It is said that there is nothing so rich and so rare as philosophy; but, to make money out of, give me a ring-called monkey with a soldier's suit on.
It is said that success, like other rare things, is put up in small packages.

It is said that he most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
It is said that thou must be true thyself, if thou the truth would teach.
It is said that sorrow is only one of the lower notes in the oratio of our blessedness.
It is said by Pope, that the proper study of mankind is man.
It is said by Horace Mann,—"I look upon philology as a guide to philosophy, and the handmaid of Christianity."

The Latin poet has said—"Fas est ab hoste doceri, it is proper to learn from an enemy; and whenever you meet an honest enemy, depend upon it, you can learn something from him, and something that you can use."

It is said
"Let him write who never wrote before,
And him that has written, write the more."
When all men give of their hidden lore,
Would-be critics will then cease to bore.
Away to my couch I'll now meander,
And thus plainly sign myself,
OLIVE HILL, N. C.

To the Confederate Veterans' Associations in the Various Counties of the State.
COMRADES: We desire to call your attention to the provisions of our constitution directing that the annual elections for officers shall take place on the 4th day of July in each year. We earnestly hope that there will be a large attendance of veterans at the court house (unless some other place of assembling shall be designated) in each county at 12 o'clock on that day, and the regular organization continued and strengthened. If the meeting shall have been arranged for another day, or shall not be held on the 4th of July, it is not material, provided the veterans shall surely be called together at some time.

The executive committee have determined to wait no longer for adequate subscriptions, but boldly to assume the responsibility of opening a Soldiers' Home for the care of such of our needy, deserving comrades as require to be supported by charity. At present it is probable that the hotel building at Ridgeway, donated by Col. Heck, will be too large for our immediate purposes, and we may begin in a smaller way at Raleigh, or some accessible locality. For the support of this Home, we throw ourselves upon the unbounded charity of the people of North Carolina, and we appeal particularly to the members of the Confederate Veterans' Association to see that a proper interest is entailed in every town and township in the State. We especially invoke the aid of the women of North Carolina, foremost in every work of love and kindness, and we ask that the Veterans' Associations of each and every county constitute a central committee of ladies of not less than five in every county town in the State. The names of the members of this committee, particularly the chairman, should be forwarded at once to W. C. Stronach, Secretary, Raleigh, N. C., who will correspond with the committees concerning the methods of raising funds for the support of the Home.
J. S. CARR, Pres.
W. C. STRONACH, Sec.

ALL OVER THE STATE.
High Point claims 3,000 inhabitants. Oxford has doubled its population in three years, it is said.

The crop prospects in the eastern part of the State are fine. Goldsboro is to have a tannery of gigantic proportions. [Goldsboro Dispatch.] Only three thousand dollars has been collected for the Soldiers' Home. Ed. Ashford, a colored youth, is in jail at Goldsboro, charged with stealing onions.

The Presbyterians of Greensboro are to build a handsome church to cost \$28,000. Jas. A. Pritchett, Esq., of Greensboro owns a fine mineral spring near that place. Farmers' Institutes will be held in Alamance, Guilford and Davidson counties in July.

The ladies of Raleigh propose holding a fair, in elaborate style, in aid of the Soldiers' Home. There is talk of putting on double daily passenger trains from Goldsboro to Morehead City. There are forty registered physicians in Buncombe county, eighteen of whom reside in Asheville.

The Index is the name of a new paper at Fayetteville, with Mr. E. L. Hedrick editor and proprietor. A negro girl was so badly burned in Robeson county a few days ago, that she died the same day. Mr. John Barringer, of Lockville, Chatham county, while digging a well on his farm, discovered gold. All stone fruit is a failure this year. There is a short crop of berries, and will be some apples. [North State.] One of the largest wagon factories in the State, is to be built at Waightown, Forsyth county, by George E. Nissen. Only sixty-four fertilizer licenses have been issued in the State thus far this season, against eighty-five last season. It may be possible that there is a rich coal mine near Durham. There is every indication of the fact. [Durham Sun.] The town of Rookingham, in Richmond county, is agitating the matter of having electric lights and water works.

Among the many industries of Concord, is the manufacture of wash boards, of which large shipments are being made. Superintendent Finger has given Professors Alderman and Melver five assistants to conduct Teachers' Institutes this summer. Thieves have been depreeding on the farmers around Morrisville, Wake county, and carrying off large quantities of bacon. A colored man named Cromatic, was arrested at Wilmington a few days ago, charged with stealing hogs, and selling them to butchers. Owen Page, assistant telegraph operator in the C. F. & Y. V. R. R., office, at Fayetteville, is 13 years of age. He is quite a young operator. The Review says that Mr. F. E. Penn, of Reidsville, has a cow that gives seven gallons of milk a day. That is a pretty good cow, or a close a pretty big cow talk.

It is rumored that President Battle will resign the presidency of the State University, and take the chair of history. He has unquestioned qualifications for that chair. A contract has been made for the grading by contracts of 35 miles of railway in Stanley county. Hon. E. A. White, collector of internal revenue, reports that there are 14,000 dealers in liquor and tobacco in his district. The force of the office has been obliged to work double time in issuing licenses, etc. [Elizabeth City Economist.] Mr. Levi Coble, section master on the R. & D. R. R., at Brown Summit, Guilford county, died last Friday week. He had been subject to bleeding at the nose, and on the day of his death, he bled so profusely that his physician was unable to stop it.

An organization has been formed at Henderson, to renovate and equip Sho-oco Springs, as a place of public resort. At one time, about the years 1858 to 1861, it was the most fashionable and attractive resort in the State, and its waters were regarded as unsurpassed. A young man in Winston claims the honor of being the youngest child in a family of twenty-two. Winston also has a 12 year old lad that tips the beam at 125 pounds—down weight. [Winston Daily.] There is a firm in Charlotte that has only been established three years, and sells goods in one hundred cities and towns in the United States, and ships to Canada, Germany, Australia, England and Denmark. [Charlotte News.] Nash county never boasts, but Dr. Culpepper, of Nashville, has a son, James, only 11 years old, who weighs 114 pounds, and Rocky Mount has a baby, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Will Woodard, of the Hammond House, who is only ten months old, and weighs 37 pounds. [Nashville Argonaut.]

An Editor's Faith.
The editor of the Advocate, published at Greenville, Ala., expresses his faith in S. S. S.: "The good this preparation has accomplished is incalculable, and thousands of men and women that it has saved bless the originator, and those who placed it in their power to procure it. A number of our acquaintances have used this wonderful medicine to their great benefit, most of them to their perfect healing, and their testimony has been given to the public that others like them may take the healing balm. We know that Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) is no humbug, and can recommend it, and we do most heartily. The proprietors are genial, liberal and charitable, and have done probably as much or more good than any other firm in the South. Read, reflect and be relieved."—Greenville (Ala.) Advocate. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

Lynchburg & Durham

Table with columns: Station, P. M., A. M., Mon. and Fri. Includes stations like LEVINE, Lynchburg, Lenoir, etc.

Table with columns: Station, First-class Daily, Ex. Sun., Tues. and Sat. Includes stations like LEVINE, Roxboro, Wooddale, etc.

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ATLANTIC & DANVILLE.

Commencing on February, 1st, 1890. Trains will run on the Atlantic & Danville Railroad as follows:

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 2, No. 4. Includes stations like L.V. Danville, Harrison, Milton, etc.

SOUTH BOUND.

Table with columns: STATIONS, No. 1, No. 3. Includes stations like L.V. Portsmouth, Lawrenceville, Clarksville, etc.

Close connection will be made at Portsmouth with the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railway, (Cape Charles Route), and Baltimore steamer, for all points North; and at Danville, with the Richmond & Danville E. way, for all point North or South.

NEW MILLINERY!

SPRING, 1890!

Miss Pallie Yancey has just returned from Baltimore, where she has been spending some time in posting herself on the Spring and Summer Styles, and buying a handsome line of Millinery Goods. She has opened a Millinery in Roxboro over Mr. A. R. Foushee's store, where you will find an entirely

NEW STOCK

of Ladies', Misses' and Children's hats and bonnets; Flowers, Ribbons, Hand dyke Laces, Trimmings, &c. Hats and Bonnets trimmed at short notice and at low prices.

DRESS MAKING!

I will have employed all the season competent Dress-Makers, who will be prepared to cut and fit Dresses in good style and taste. Your patronage is solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed. MISS PALLIE YANCEY, ROXBORO, N. C.

Notice

Having qualified an administrator of the estate of Dr. A. L. Sanford, deceased, I hereby notify all persons indebted to said deceased to come forward at once and make settlement, and persons holding claims against said deceased to present them to the undersigned on or before the 1st day of July, 1890. If this notice will be filed in his recovery. This 2nd day of June, 1890. W. O. GREGORY, Administrator.